

Honey Whiskey by quinnvicious

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Summary:

When they get to a point where they can just barely hear the thumping of the music over the chirping crickets, Billy's serious expression cracks and he bursts out laughing like a drunken, deranged hyena. Steve can't help but join in, and then they're both giggling and stumbling around the forest like idiots. Steve bumps into him to snatch the bottle of whiskey from his fist and takes a burning swallow. It warms his blood too much in the balm of the edge-of-summer night and he drags the back of a hand over his mouth with a ragged sound before passing it back. Billy snickers at his expense and fishes a cigarette out of his pack.

Honey Whiskey

Author's Note:

this is unbeta'd because it's like 4 am but hey, i'll fix it in the moRN

It's another night, and yet another pre-graduation party for the seniors at Hawkins High as spring draws to a close and summer approaches fast on the horizon. Each one of them has passed in a blur of red solo cups filled with various alcoholic liquids, overly loud music of every popular genre, and fleeting make-outs with strangers in bathrooms—just a bunch of teenagers practicing for their future in college before they've even passed their final exams. He doesn't even know the name of the host of this one, and if that isn't a measure of how far he's fallen down the social ladder, he's not sure what is.

Steve sits on the plush couch nursing a cup that's still half-full of neat whiskey, and listens in on a group talking about where they're planning to go for college after the semester ends. Steve hides his morose expression behind the lip of plastic and takes a big swig, hissing as it burns all the way down. He's trying to hide the fact that he has no idea what the hell he's going to do after high school. For once, the king of Hawkins High doesn't feel like partying in the slightest.

Steve watches the crowd over the rumble of the music that's so loud you can barely hear anybody unless they're shouting, and smirks when his eyes glue to the boy already making a scene as he walks through the backdoor.

"Why the long face, Harrington?" Billy hops down the small kitchen step into the living room and regards him like a hungry predator, his little pack of scavengers following close behind in the hopes that he'll leave them some scraps. "Sad you're not going to make prom queen again this year?"

Billy's been playing king of the castle in Steve's stead, and the thought that Billy's thinking of him enough to take a break from his keg stands and intimidating freshman to come bully him has a secret

smile gracing Steve's face. It's certainly taking his mind off things. By now, he's learned that the mean words and heated stares are just how the other boy likes to dole his *affections*.

"Yeah, well. We can't *both* be winners." Steve's smirk is cutting as raises his cup to Billy in a mock-toast. "I'm sure the tiara will look far prettier on you, anyway."

Steve's throwback earns quite a few '*ooohs*' and snickers from the pack and Billy ignores them all, his intense challenged alpha-male look boring straight into Steve's. Billy crosses the distance between them in a few long strides to loom over Steve on the couch, his face coolly impassive, but not any less dangerous for it. When Billy suggests the two of them take this outside, Steve grins from under his shadow where only Billy can see.

The crowd parts at the prospect of bloodshed, and the tension mounts as the more drunk of the party start cheering for a fight. Billy snatches a bottle of something off the kitchen counter on his way out and throws it back to pour a third of whatever it is down his throat. Steve follows him through the sliding glass doors to the backyard and tries not to make it too obvious that he's staring at the way his jeans hug his ass. The crowd is pumped and chanting Billy's name, practically gagging for him to kick Steve's face in, and he's almost touched when he hears some of his own name thrown in the mix. But mostly, he's just trying to keep a straight face.

The reach an open space in the backyard and the crowd trails off, confused and disappointed when the two of them don't immediately start trading blows. Instead they keep walking out past the pool and the wooden fence, and then walk some more. Nobody is brave enough to follow them into the dark tree line. They murmur amongst themselves, but most are drunk enough to forget about it and get back to their partying.

When they get to a point where they can just barely hear the thumping of the music over the chirping crickets, Billy's serious expression cracks and he bursts out laughing like a drunken, deranged hyena. Steve can't help but join in, and then they're both giggling and stumbling around the forest like idiots. Steve bumps into him to snatch the bottle of whiskey from his fist and takes a burning

swallow. It warms his blood too much in the balm of the edge-of-summer night and he drags the back of a hand over his mouth with a ragged sound before passing it back. Billy snickers at his expense and fishes a cigarette out of his pack.

They're both pretty hammered, and he figures Billy must have been getting bored with the other party-goers. Steve can hardly blame him. Billy has some trouble with getting the cheap green zippo to light, but it finally does, and he takes an appreciative drag. They're too drunk to see the problem with walking in a random direction through the woods this late at night, so they do just that.

They find a good spot a ways out with a cluster of pines that are perfect for leaning against and catching the rare breeze. Billy thumbs the filter of his smoke and takes another swig of the bottle. Steve is distracted watching him, and this time he can't blame the sudden heat radiating from his bones on either the weather or the whiskey. Billy pulls off the rim with a rough noise and a lick of his lips before the cigarette finds its home on his mouth again. After recuperating from the diversion, Steve's brain abruptly snaps back to a detail he missed earlier.

"What happened to your lighter?" He asks belatedly. The flash of green plastic certainly wasn't the heavy silver one Billy always had stashed away in a pocket. He remembers Billy telling him something important about it, once, but he's too drunk to remember. Billy's recovered enough from the burn in his throat to lick his teeth and look at Steve, his dry expression colored with irritation.

"What do you care?" Billy throws the now-empty bottle of whiskey against the bark of a nearby tree with a satisfying shatter. Steve tries not to feel annoyed, but they've been doing this kind of thing for months now. He'll never be able to convince Billy that he *does* care, actually-- without the other boy reacting with violence. He wonders to himself if Billy's *ever* had anyone care about him before.

"I'm just—I'm just asking." Steve huffs and crosses his arms over his chest. The pine bark is itchy through his polo shirt where he leans against it and he rubs against it unconsciously. "It was important, right?"

“Fucking *Jesus*, Harrington, what is this, an interrogation?” Billy snaps, stance and arms wide as he practically vibrates out of his skin in a low-key temper tantrum.

“It was just a question.” Steve counters defensively, palm out in an exhausted effort to fend off the storm. He’s dizzy with the lull of booze in his veins and it’s dragging him down and making it hard to think. It seems to have the opposite effect on Billy—enhancing his aggression to the point he’s barely able to restrain from lashing out.

Billy swings to face away from Steve and keep from giving in to the unbridled urge to punch the other boy in the teeth. He paces and kicks at the dead leaves to relieve some of the buzzing in his bloodstream. Steve watches him, calm and patiently waiting for him to ride it out. Billy takes a hard drag of his cigarette and stops pacing long enough to tilt his head back and sigh up into the canopy.

“I lost it, okay?” Billy mumbles under his breath without turning to look at the other boy. Steve nods, making a noncommittal sound after he realizes Billy can’t see him. He has an ugly idea that maybe Billy didn’t lose it, and he’s using it as an excuse to not tell him the truth. He hopes to god it doesn’t have anything to do with Billy’s father. He’s heard enough from Max’s less-than-perceptive observations to know what kind of person Hargrove Senior is. Billy flicks the butt of his cigarette into the rotting wood still wet with the morning’s rain and sighs again before turning back to face him.

Steve pushes himself off the tree and saunters over until he’s standing toe to toe with the other. Billy watches him like a lion waiting in the shade of a tree, ready to strike should Steve make the slightest wrong move. Steve meets him at eye level and snakes a brave hand into the pocket of his jacket to wrap around his prize. It’s an ordinary zippo, like the kind you can buy at a gas station cash register, and Steve flicks at the wheel uselessly.

Billy huffs and snatches it from him to do it for him. The flame bathes them both in bright orange and it throws Billy’s face into sharp relief. It makes him look more tired than Steve’s ever seen him before, and he reaches out for him without thinking. Billy grabs his hand before it connects with the barely-there scruff at his jawline and holds it between them stiffly.

Billy moves the lighter under Steve's palm and Steve's reaction kicks in too late. The fire burns his skin, but only a little, and he yanks it back to his chest with an indignant look and a hiss. Billy doesn't laugh, just stares at him numbly before he moves it under his own hand. The faint tendril of smoke and Billy's transfixed look have Steve leaning down to blow the small flame out before he can do any serious harm to himself. Billy finally cracks a smirk at Steve's chiding glare as the other boy confiscates the lighter from him.

"Wuss." He teases as he shoves his hands in his pockets, unwittingly leaving himself open to whatever affections Steve wants to bestow upon him.

A strained laugh bubbles from Steve's throat and he crosses the space between them to kiss Billy on the mouth. Billy tenses, but doesn't push him away. He's not sure why he keeps letting Steve do this. Letting *himself* do this. Especially now, after he's bragged about going back to California to attend the college he'd had in mind before his father dragged him to the middle of nowhere. After he's openly planned on leaving any thought of Steve Harrington far behind him.

His eyes close on their own accord, and he lets Steve push him up against the nearby tree and press into him in all the right places. He blames his suddenly hot face on the alcohol he can still taste on Steve's mouth. Steve tilts his head and slides his tongue in deeper. Billy feels the burn of it like a hot brand, and it muffles the pathetic groan trapped in his throat. Steve pulls back to look at him with an expression so soft Billy wants to tear it away from his skull with his *teeth*. He wraps his hands around the back of Steve's neck and pulls him back in with a painful clack of mouths, just so he doesn't have to look at it anymore-- and to stop the awful, tight feeling in his chest from constricting his lungs any further.

He kills the sweetness with the drip of his own violent poison—like venom from a snake's fang—and he bites at Steve's lips until the other boy is bleeding and making soft, pained sounds under his mouth. He pulls at the back of Steve's mullet until he can get at the pale column of his throat and clamps his jaw over it. It has the desired effect, and Steve's tensing like a whip-cord and trying to wrestle the control back before Billy can turn this around on him.

Steve stumbles into him, still far too drunk for coordination. He wraps his arms around Billy, pressing his face into the warm leather and clean curls at the crook of his shoulder and breathes in the scent of him like a broken man.

“Fuck—I just don’t want you to—“ Steve stammers and Billy’s fingers tighten on the back of Steve’s neck in a warning, but Steve can’t stop now even if he wanted to. “I don’t know.”

He pulls away long enough to look into the shine of the other’s eyes. He feels far too desperate to keep something he doesn’t even have a name for—but it’s one of the only things that’s actually felt *real* to him in the past two years. His voice drops to a wet whisper as he struggles to think of what to say. “I don’t want you to leave.”

Billy swallows around the dagger in his throat—and the searing-hot urge to metaphorically plunge it into Steve’s heart and leave him here and never look back. He hates shit like this. Billy leans his head back against the tree slowly, his eyes not leaving Steve’s. How *dare* Harrington do this to him, especially right now, when leaving for California is still just a fever dream, and could be just as quickly abandoned as Steve can.

“Billy—“ Steve’s cut off with a harsh press of lips to his own. Billy pulls back just long enough to hiss at him.

“You talk too fucking much.” He kisses him again, hands grasping either side of Steve’s face and fingertips pressing hard into the bones underneath. Steve makes a sound that gets strangled by Billy’s tongue and Steve curls an arm around his shoulders to keep him close. Billy breathes a sigh of secret relief and swallows that *need* for Steve to hold him down and keep him there, otherwise he’d be running away faster than Steve could say those stupid fucking little three words that Billy never wants to hear again for the rest of his life.

Steve bites at the softness just under Billy’s jaw and trails down to the junction of his shoulder muscle. He tongues the chain of his necklace between his teeth and follows it down with a wet stripe that has Billy shivering in the balm of the night. Steve sucks the small pendant into his mouth and tugs hard on it until Billy’s leaning forward with the threat of him breaking the chain. Billy hisses between his teeth and

grips Steve's face harder.

"Be fucking *careful* with that—" Billy starts to reprimand him, but Steve cuts him off with the connection of their lips. The taste of metal floods Billy's senses and he realizes Steve still has the pendant in his mouth. They swap the tiny piece between their tongues, clacking against their teeth and chain dangling from lips and Billy's hands fall to grip at Steve's shoulders. Billy pulls away first, laughing at how ridiculous it is before trailing off into a gasp as a sudden cold hand finds its way into his pants. "*Shit*, Harrington."

The alcohol makes Steve far braver than usual, and he pulls the fabric down hard until Billy's pants and boxers are stretched taught around his thick thighs, keeping his legs locked above the knees. He pushes Billy's shirt up over his abs and bites at the vast expanse of chest on display until he's leaving marks all over his skin. Something in Billy's gut clenches at the force of Steve's bravado. It has his brain shouting obscenities and his body heat rolling through his limbs like hot lava--the lighting tickling the base of his spine making him shudder and the air harder to breathe.

Steve's hand is rough and dry around his dick, and no amount of alcohol was going to keep his blood from filing it like the rush of rapids. He wishes he still *had* something to drink, if only to chase away the dryness that the panting leaves in his throat. Steve presses soft, heated kisses to the side of his mouth as if in apology for being rough and it infuriates Billy to the point he's dizzy with it. In this moment, at least, Billy knows exactly what he wants from Steve.

"Fuck me." He breathes against Steve's cheek in a warm, hoarse whisper. Steve groans and presses his face into the shoulder of his jacket.

"I don't—I don't have anything on me." Steve stammers with enough presence of mind to be the responsible one. Billy rolls his eyes and pushes him away enough to dig into his pants pocket and pull out his wallet. He tosses it to Steve, who fumbles it before it lands in his hands and he's looking at the fold of leather like he's not sure what it's for. His brain catches up with him just in time to avoid a smack from Billy and he flips it open and slides the foil packet out. He's suddenly glad for Billy's avid promiscuity.

Billy pulls him back in by the back of his neck and invades his mouth with a hot stroke of his tongue. He licks a line across Steve's gums and groans when Steve's hands magnetize back to him, sliding around to cup his bare ass and pull their hips together and away from the rough pine bark scratching at the back of his thighs. Steve presses close like he's trying to crawl inside Billy's jacket with him and kisses him back with all the gusto he can muster with the alcohol making his jaw numb.

Steve's fingers dip low between his cheeks and Billy muffles the sound he makes behind the smack of their mouths. Steve gives one last soft bite to his bottom lip before he's pulling at his jacket to turn him around to face the tree. Billy crosses his arms over it and breathes in the scent of pine and waits. He glances over his shoulder when instead of hearing the condom packet rip, he hears Steve planting his knees in the dead leaves underneath them.

"What the hell are you doing?" Billy whispers, harsh and impatient. Steve's hands smooth up the back of his thighs and up and up till he's pushing the folds of Billy's clothes out of the way and exposing the muscles of his back. He shivers when the other boy presses a kiss to the small of his back, lips warm and breath ghosting over tanned skin. Steve holds the fabric back with his nose as his hands slide back to Billy's ass to squeeze the muscles of it until Billy's sore. His teeth sneak to scrape lightly between kisses and Billy can feel the smile against his skin when the attention makes his whole body shudder.

Billy takes a ragged breath and fists his hands in the sleeves of his jacket, pulling it taught and panting into the leather. Steve pulls back to blow a quick burst of air across the back of his thighs just to watch the muscles there clench. It's worth the impatient growl he gets and then Billy's getting fed up with him and shoving his hips back into his face. He hisses at him to get on with it already, and Steve laughs as quietly as he can to not push his luck any further.

He spreads him open and without any further ceremony and licks a hot, unforgiving stripe from his balls up to the puckered middle. Billy's cursing quickly dissolves into wordless moans muffled into his sleeves. Steve presses his body close enough that he can feel every twitch and jerk running through the other's frame—all the little reactions he *can't* hide. When Billy keens after the initial wet breach

of tongue past the ring of muscle, Steve has to grab his own throbbing dick through his pants to keep from coming too early.

They're both too worked up for much more foreplay, so Steve concentrates on getting as much saliva as he can transfer with just his mouth over the split of his ass. His fingers join his tongue in slicking up Billy's clenching hole and he takes a minute to just finger him until he's on the knife's edge and is just as frustrated as Steve is. He knows it's worked when he stands and can see the tightness to Billy's neck under his curls and the white-knuckles peeking from his sleeves.

Steve only stumbles once before he's leaning into Billy and pressing a quick kiss to his neck that meets more blonde hair than anything else. His hands are too wet to open the condom, so he rips the edge off with his teeth and spits it clumsily to the side to litter the grass as he fumbles his belt open with his other hand. His fingers are shaking when he rolls it on and pumps the rest of the saliva coating his fingers over it just once—any more might spell his undoing.

Billy groans a noise that trails into something high and desperate when Steve pushes his cock into his ass and keeps pushing until he's seated all the way in and pressing Billy against the tree with his back flush to Steve's front. Steve curls one hand around the bottom hem of his jacket and shirt, tangling it until he can pull Billy bodily back onto his cock and Billy chokes on a gasp.

He braces his palms flat against the tree and gets scrapes from the force of keeping himself upright as Steve ruts all his desperate energy into him like he could nail him against the tree and keep him there forever. They're both still drunk and overheated in the bubble of their rising body heat, and Billy has to bite the fabric at his upper arm to keep from shouting so loud he wakes the birds in the canopy. Steve's bruising grip on his hip shifts to slide up Billy's sweat-slicked torso and hold his body against him with his forearm as he slows down enough to breath heavy over his pierced ear.

Billy grabs his wrist tight as his knees go weak and the saliva between them starts to dry. He can feel every drag of Steve's dick across his insides as he hits that spot in him with a slow but ruthless accuracy. It's just shy enough of painful that the lightning that jumps across his spine is too much for him to handle and he's coming all

over the tree without being touched. He sees white behind his screwed-shut eyes, unaware of the needy sounds that escape his throat as Steve rushes to his own orgasm behind him.

Steve falls against his back and Billy's crushed between him and the tree trunk, the rough bark scraping at the exposed skin of his softening cock and thighs until he's coherent enough to push Steve off him. Steve just barely manages to not fall on his bare ass, dizzy as his blood rushes back to his head. He laughs, slightly delirious as Billy catches his breath and leans on just his clothed back to avoid getting any more scratches or sap on him. He watches Steve tiredly, still half-undone and flushed pink with his curls hanging wild, and Steve almost can't take his eyes off the way the position has Billy's body on display like drawn curtains long enough to put his own pants back on.

"You know," Steve starts as he pulls his jeans back over his thighs after tossing the condom away where it would hopefully never be found. He's half-turned away to give Billy some privacy—ironic considering what they were just getting up to. "If you *do* decide to stay in Hawkins—"

Billy sighs. He readjusts his collar after pulling his own clothes back on and runs his hands around the back of his neck to free his hair from underneath it. Despite his annoyance, a small smile plays at his lips. He doesn't hide it when he turns to face Steve again. "Nice try, pretty boy."

Maybe sticking around wouldn't be so bad, after all.